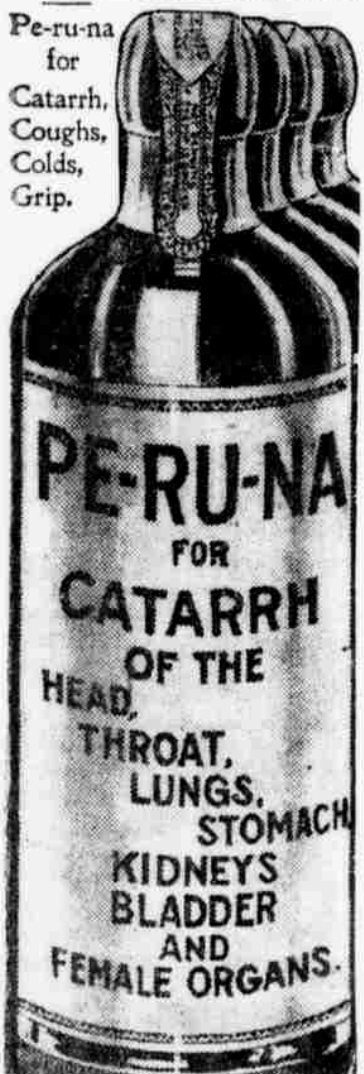


## HOUSEHOLD FRIEND.



Pe-runa is a household friend in more than a million homes. This number is increasing every day. Pe-runa has become a household word all over the English speaking world. It is an old tried remedy for all catarrhal diseases of the head, throat, lungs, stomach, kidneys, bladder and female organs.

Ask Your Druggist for Free Pe-runa Almanac for 1907.

### Life Without Mind.

The possibility of life without mind, while not subject to positive proof, is a theory that has gained considerable strength recently through its advocacy by Dr. L. Laloy, librarian of the Academy of Sciences, Paris. He believes that many of the smaller living organisms, such as insects, are more moving machines, having no more intelligence than may be ascribed to plants. He refers to the well known fact that insects are attracted by light, often to their own destruction, and ascribes it to the same cause that inclines the plant to grow toward the light.

### How's This?

We offer one Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly capable of carrying out any obligation made for his firm. WASHINGTON, KANSAS & MARY.

### Woman is Adventurous.

In proof of the assertion made by the German authorities that all is well in Morocco, an officer of the recent German expedition to Fez tells how, in the heart of Morocco, he had met an English woman touring alone. This fearless woman is Mrs. Frances V. Campbell. She is reported to have traveled all the way across Morocco on horseback, with no other escort than a few servants.

## BRING GOOD HEALTH

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, Used After the Grip, Arrest Fatal Decline and Rebuild the System.

Any bodily weakness caused by a deficiency in the blood can be cured by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills because these pills actually make new blood. After attacks of the grip the blood is generally run down and the patient continues to decline.

"About three years ago," says Mrs. Jennie Cowan, of 718 N. Henry Street, West Bay City, Mich., "I caught a severe cold, which ran into the grip. I was confined to my bed for two weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about, but was completely run down. I was so weak I could hardly stand, my cheeks had no color and I felt faint. My heart would flutter and it was difficult for me to breathe at times. Neuralgia settled in the back of my head and stomach and I suffered from rheumatism in my shoulders.

"I had the care of the best doctor in town but became no better until a friend told me one day how she had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I soon felt better and continued using them until I was entirely cured. They built me up again to perfect health and I use them now whenever I feel at all sick and they always help me."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable in such cases, as well as in other blood diseases, because they not only drive off the germs of the disease but build up the system. The pills have cured anemia, rheumatism, after-effects of fever, neuralgia and many other severe disorders.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

## THE BARRIERS OF WEALTH

BY VENITA SEIBERT

(Copyright, 1906, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Fraulein Pauline Von Engelrube flitted about her dainty room, humming a snatch of song; now she paused to arrange a dish of violets, now to give her hair a coquettish little twist, now to chirp softly to her bird.

Fraulein Pauline's sewing girl bent her head over the skirt she was altering, but not one of these careless graceful movements escaped her, and her whole soul was filled with longing and discontent. The fraulein was a young German lady visiting some American relatives; she was rich, she was loved and admired and made much of, she could fit in her dainty clothes and talk to her bird. The sewing girl stitched away fiercely.

By and by Fraulein Pauline took up a book, but her lovely eyes wandered. They studied the dark face of the girl bent over her work, noted the hollow skin, the tired droop of the shoulders, the heavy frown. Presently a soft hand was laid on the nervous fingers that held the needle, and a gentle voice said: "My dear, tell me what it is that troubles you?"

The girl looked up with startled eyes, then suddenly she burst into tears. "Oh, fraulein, I hate to be poor! I hate it so! It is always work and work and work, and I have no pretty dresses and no pleasure! I am ugly and poor—and I hate everything!"

"Poor child, poor child," said Fraulein Pauline, thoughtfully. "You are young, and have nothing, and you are thinking that I too am young and have everything and am pretty and rich, and admired—is it not so?"

"My child, do you think rich people have everything they wish for?" she said, softly. "I will tell you a little story. Far away in a German city, at one of the great music concerts, an artist and a young girl were introduced to each other. These two met many times thereafter, and life was very beautiful to them. Then came a change. The man's eyes could no longer hide the love that lay behind them, but he did not speak. The girl was an heiress, and he feared to be called a fortune hunter. She was also well-born, and he was but a poor American; her wealthy relatives looked askance at him. He knew that he was not a fitting match for her. The girl did not want a fitting match; she wanted a mate. But, and she could not speak, she could only wait.

The sewing girl ventured to lay her hand tenderly on the bowed head; her eyes were filled with gentle tears. "Did you never see him again?" she asked softly.

The other girl lifted her face. "Never again," she said, quietly. "It is nearly two years ago now. I am too young not to find joy in my friends, my flowers and my birds, my books and traveling, but the best thing in life I have missed, because I am rich! And now I want you to have a holiday this afternoon. It is a beautiful spring day, and you need some fresh air. I want you to walk in the park. The sky is just what you need."

The girl glanced dubiously at a large bundle that she had brought with her. "Those are vests," she said. "My sister sews them, and I must deliver them at the tailor shop this afternoon. It is away up on East Thirtieth street."

"I will deliver them myself," said Fraulein Pauline, her natural gaiety breaking forth in delicious smiles. "Oh, no, not you yourself. They are very heavy, and they make an ugly bundle. Perhaps you could send some one."

"No; I shall play that I am a vest-maker taking home my week's work. I wish to see how it feels. It will be large fun."

Fraulein Pauline did not take a car. She was a good walker, and Thirtieth street did not seem far off; nevertheless the vests were so heavy that before she reached her destination she grew very tired. She glanced wearily up the street, and suddenly her cheeks grew white, then pink. A man was coming directly toward her—a tall, brown-eyed man with dark hair curling upward under his straw hat. He bent upon her an eager face.

"Paul—Fraulein Pauline! Am I dreaming that I see you here?" he exclaimed.

The fraulein stretched out to him her left hand. "No, Herr Westcott, it is only me, and not a dream at all. Ach, it is good to see you again. I would give you both hands, but you see the other is occupied."

Herr Westcott dropped the little hand he was holding. Certainly his greeting had been too impulsive, and his eyes saddened.

"May I walk with you?" he asked, courteously.

"I shall be glad. I should like to talk of home; it seems so long since I left. Ich habe heimweh. You have not forgotten the dear old city and the pleasant little garden of The Lions?"

"Forgotten!"

Fraulein Pauline was quite satisfied with the tone.

"Those were happy days," she continued.

"I was obliged to leave hurriedly, fraulein, and surely you must know that those were happy days to me, also."

Fraulein Pauline shifted the bundle on her arm, and Herr Westcott was overwhelmed with contrition. He had forgotten his manners.

"Oh, I beg your pardon! Let me have your bundle! Forgive me that I did not think of it sooner! You must be very tired!"

"Yes, I am very tired," Fraulein Pauline glanced down at the bundle, and sighed deeply. "They are vests that I am taking to the tailor shop. It is a long way from where I live, and the shop is on Thirtieth street."

Herr Westcott started. He noted for the first time the contents of the bundle, the plain black hat, the simple gown. A light broke in upon him, he stopped, stared fixedly at the demure face and downcast eyes, then he lifted the bundle, and looked at it in dismay.

"You to carry such a long way! Is it possible that all your wealth is gone, and that you are sewing vests for a living?"

"It does not pay well, but it is honest work," said Fraulein Pauline, plaintively.

"Great heavens! It is monstrous! I could not have believed it possible! Was there no one to look after you? Forgive me for speaking so, but I have always been interested in your welfare, and surely you will pardon a friend for his frankness."

"True sympathy is never out of place, Herr Westcott. Ach, strange things are possible. But you must know that my wealth was never the greatest thing to me. Not that it is very pleasant to be poor."

"Of that I am well aware, therefore



"Ich liebe dich!" She said, simply. "I deplore it for your sake, but for my own sake."

"Here we are at the tailor shop!" interrupted Fraulein, in a sudden flutter. "You will wait without while I deliver the vests. I shall appear again directly."

In a very few moments they were proceeding on their way, minus the vests. Fraulein Pauline held in her hand a five-dollar bill. "A week's salary," she said, viewing it meditatively. Suddenly a hand closed over the bill and the fingers that held it. "Pauline, at last I may speak! I had no right to before, but now you are poor, poor, and I cannot feel sorry, because I am so glad. Pauline, dear one, do you guess how I have loved you always from the very first? Sometimes I have thought that you cared. I dared not let myself dwell long on that thought, but now I must know. Pauline!"

She lifted her long lashes and let him see what lay beneath. There was no coquetry in those clear depths now.

"Ich liebe dich!" she said, simply—words that in any language need no translation.

After a long, long time, when they had once more become conscious of the pavements and the shops and the earth, Fraulein Pauline said, "Ernest, my first care shall be to exterminate the one fault which I find in thee. Thou art too proud. I was left lonely and unhappy simply because I had more money than thou hadst, and thy pride could not bear the thought. Couldst thou not have loved me so well that wealth would have meant nothing to thee?"

"It was for your sake—" "For my sake! Then thou didst not give me credit for equal depth of soul with thyself. Ach!"

"Pauline, tremes hertz, forgive me! I see my mistake."

"It is well, for I have a confession to make to thee. I have done my best to please thee by being poor, but alas! I am still rich. Ach, it is a dreadful change of prospects, I am sure, but I trust to thy honor as a gentleman not to desert me under the sad circumstances." Her eyes smiled at him mischievously. "It was only what you Americans would call a bird."

"A bird? Oh, I see. A lark! You were carrying the vests for somebody else. But this plain gown?"

Fraulein Pauline laughed merrily. "Thou art also a bird!" she said.

"Thou art a goose! It is a Paris gown. Dost thou think that vest-makers wear such a fit. But, Ernest, thou has not said that I am forgiven for still being rich."

Herr Westcott drew her into an empty entry, and kissed her. "Dear little lark," he said, "I have learned my lesson!"

## GRASS IN THE ORCHARD.

A Discussion as to the Benefit of the System.

There are those that believe in keeping the orchard covered with grass and there are those that believe in the absolute abolishment of grass from the orchard. The people that believe in keeping the orchard grassed say that it saves a great deal of labor to keep the land covered with sod and that the fruit when it falls on the ground does not become soiled. The sentimental side of orcharding favors the grassy carpet under the trees, for who could have a sentiment toward the orchard area kept so thoroughly worked that there would be a dust mulch over it in a dry time and a mud carpet over it in a wet time? So far, the experiments have seemed to show very much in favor of clean culture of the orchard area as against the grass covering.

In England some orchardists under direction of an experiment station have begun the investigation of the effects of a half covering of grass. The experiments have not been conducted for enough years to be conclusive, but some remarkable results have been obtained, which are not easily explained. The old New England plan of digging up the ground for a distance of about six feet from each tree was followed. In some of the experiments this circle of grass came to within five and a half feet of the trees. It was a surprise to the experimenters that the fruit on the orchards so treated was double that on the trees not so treated. Fruit which normally was green streaked with red became deep red in color and in storage kept much better than it had kept before. One variety kept three months longer than it had been in the habit of keeping and another variety was still sound in June.

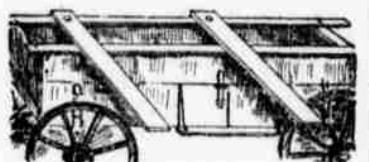
The same experimenters, says Farmers' Review, in some previous tests had shown that the trees and fruit were greatly injured by having the whole orchard area in grass, and they were greatly surprised to find that the results of a partial covering of grass was beneficial. It was shown by investigation that little of the roots of the trees entered the grassy area, but that they obtained some kind of material that they did not find in the soil that had no grass. In a report the experimenters, referring to this fact, say: "Yet the roots that reached into the grass ground must have conveyed to the trees something that had the power to modify the whole character of the crop. This points strongly to the view that the action of the grass is due to some active poison."

This is a new phase of the subject that should have further study on both sides of the Atlantic. It requires thousands of experiments to thoroughly demonstrate a fact of this kind, and we caution our readers against leaping to the conclusion that the general quality of our apples can be greatly improved by at once partially grassing over the orchards. A single series of experiments should not be taken as an index of what is profitable, for there are many unknown quantities entering into such experiments.

## PICKING APPLES FROM WAGON.

A Plan Which Can Be Tried During the Next Harvest.

A correspondent of Prairie Farmer, in Bureau county, Illinois, reports that he has been successful this year in picking apples from a wagon. He used a double box with two planks on each



Wagon Support for Apple Picker.

side to serve as a walk. Across these, as shown in the cut, he placed two other planks, extending out from the wagon. With a quiet team the correspondent reports that it is comparatively easy to reach a large per cent. of the apples on trees.

## Depth to Set Trees.

It is often advised to set the trees in the orchard two or more inches deeper than they were in the nursery row. So far as our knowledge of experiments goes, this practice is not followed by results either good or bad, and this would indicate that the matter is of little or no importance. In an English experiment, the experimenters report that "planting trees four inches too high or too low has not made any difference in the results obtained, the trees having readily adjusted themselves to their normal level. Trees appear to sink into the ground as they grow." This appearance is doubtless due to the pushing up of the earth by the enlarging of roots.

## Varieties of Fruit.

Varieties of fruit are constantly changing. Many of the new varieties are no improvement on the old and are widely sold simply because widely advertised. A farmer should hold to the old and tried varieties till he is sure he can put something better in their places.

## Age of Apple Trees.

Experiments in western New York have shown that apple trees of the long-lived varieties, such as Baldwin, King, Twenty-ounce and Spy, give the largest yield of fruit when 45 years old, and trees 65 years old yield more largely than trees of 20.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

If you want to see a man act silly hunt up one who is jealous.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES color almost as much as any other dye and cost you the same. 10c per package.

Every time a man accepts a 10-cent gift it costs him a dollar.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Drug-gists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GILVER'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Virtue is its own reward—or its own punishment, as the case may be.

You always get full value in Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Isn't it strange that men who brag always brag about something that doesn't interest you in the least?

Panthers and Grizzly Bears. Ship Furs Delta McMillan Fur & Wool Co., Minneapolis, Minn. Write for prices.

A woman gets almost as much satisfaction out of a good cry as a man does out of a "smile."

FITS, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for Free \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Then They Went Off. "It strikes me that you are loaded," said the pistol to the double-barrel shotgun.

"Oh, not quite," rejoined the latter. "I'm only half-shot." Whereupon they both exploded with laughter.—Chicago Daily News.

## AWFUL EFFECT OF ECZEMA.

Covered with Yellow Sores—Grew Worse—Parents Discouraged—Cuticura Drove Sores Away.

"Our little girl, one year and a half old, was taken with eczema or that was what the doctor called it. We called in the family doctor, and he gave some tablets and said she would be all right in a few days. The eczema grew worse and we called in doctor No. 2. He said she was teething, as soon as the teeth were through she would be all right. But she still grew worse. Doctor No. 3 said it was eczema. By this time she was nothing but a yellow, greenish sore. Well, he said he could help her, so we let him try it about a week. One morning we discovered a little yellow pimple on one of her eyes. Of course we 'phoned for doctor No. 4. He came over and looked her over, and said that he could not do anything more for her, that we had better take her to some eye specialist, since it was an ulcer. So we went to Oswego to doctor No. 4, and he said the eyesight was gone, but that he could help it. We thought we would try doctor No. 5. Well, that proved the same, only he charged \$10 more than doctor No. 4. We were nearly discouraged. I saw one of the Cuticura advertisements in the paper and thought we would try the Cuticura Treatment, so I went and purchased a set of Cuticura Remedies, which cost me \$1, and in three days our daughter, who had been sick about eight months, showed great improvement, and in one week all sores had disappeared. Of course it could not restore the eyesight, but if we had used Cuticura in time I am confident that it would have saved the eye. We think there is no remedy so good for any skin trouble or impurity of the blood as Cuticura. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Abbott, R. F. D. No. 9, Fulton, Oswego Co., N. Y., August 17, 1906."

Lots of fools look wise and lots of wise men look otherwise.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish, equal to that when the goods were new.

Guard within yourself that treasure, kindness. Know how to give without hesitation, how to lose without regret, how to acquire without meanness.—George Sand.

## RHEUMATISM AND NEURALGIA



## ST. JACOBS OIL

The Proved Remedy For Over 50 Years. Price 25c and 50c

## FARMS THAT GROW "NO. 1 HARD" WHEAT

(Sixty-three pounds to the bushel). Are situated in the Canadian West, where Home-Steeds of 160 acres can be obtained free by every settler willing and able to comply with the Homestead Regulations. During the present year a large portion of

## New Wheat Growing Territory

HAS BEEN MADE ACCESSIBLE TO MARKETS BY THE RAILWAY CONSTRUCTION that has been pushed forward so vigorously by the three great railway companies. For literature and particulars address SUPER-INTENDENT OF IMMIGRATION, Ottawa, Canada, or the following authorized Canadian Government Agent: J. S. CRAWFORD, No. 125 W. Ninth Street, Kansas City, Missouri, or C. J. BROUGHTON, Room 430, Quincy Building, Chicago, Illinois. Mention this paper.

## A Positive CATARRH CURE

Ely's Cream Balm is quickly absorbed. Gives Relief at Once. It cleanses, soothes, heals and protects the diseased membrane. It cures Catarrh and drives away a Cold in the Head quickly. Relieves the Soreness of Throat and Snell. Full size 50 cts., at Drug-gists or by mail; Trial Size 10 cts. by mail. Ely Brothers, 56 Warren Street, New York.

## READERS of this paper desiring to buy anything advertised herein should insist upon having what they ask for, refusing all substitutes or imitations.

If afflicted with Eye Trouble, use Thompson's Eye Water

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomach and Bowels of INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. NOT NARCOTIC.

Prepared by J. C. F. Fitch, NEW YORK.

35 DROPS - 35 CENTS.

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For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

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Use For Over Thirty Years

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